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*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*May 1936* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





FROM THE LIEPIU, LITHUANIA, GRAMMAR SCHOOL

## The Book Smuggler

In 1869 while Lithuania was a part of the Russian Empire, the imperial government prohibited the printing of books in the Lithuanian language. But the people, not minded to give up their language and be absorbed into Russia, had books printed in their own tongue in Germany; and on dark and stormy nights when the guard at the border was relaxed, patriots smuggled the volumes into the country. Any of these men would be severely punished, possibly shot, if caught. Even to own one of the volumes was dangerous, for the police frequently searched the houses, and punished book owners with prison or exile. The ban was lifted in 1904

# A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The May News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"Paper Cut-Out from Poland," (front cover), "The Book Smuggler," "International Exchange," "Summer Travel to Kyūshū," "International Correspondence," (back cover)

All the illustrations, except those for "Don't Cry," and "What the Animals Knew," are by young people.

#### Citizenship, Worldwide:

"Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan," "To the Rescue," "About This Number," (editorials), "Before the Microphone"

#### Creative Writing:

"Junior Poetry Exchange," and, indeed, all the other letters, too.

#### Geography:

France—"Stamp Stories"  
Holland—"To the Rescue," "Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan"  
Japan—"Before the Microphone," "Summer Travel to Kyūshū"  
Lithuania—"The Book Smuggler"  
Philippines—"Stamp Stories"  
Poland—Front cover  
Puerto Rico—"The Stone Dog"  
United States—California—"Life in the Mojave Desert;" Louisiana—"The PROGRAM Story;" Michigan—"Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan"  
Other Countries—"About This Number," "International Exchange," "All Juniors"

#### Health:

"What the Animals Knew"

#### Literature:

"The Book Smuggler," "Junior Poetry Exchange," "The Stone Dog"

#### Nature:

"Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan," "Life in the Mojave Desert," "What the Animals Knew"

#### Primary Grades:

"Paper Cut-Out," "Junior Poetry Exchange," "Don't Cry," "What the Animals Knew," "Summer Travel in Kyūshū"

#### Reading:

1. What made the Lithuanians smuggle books?
2. Do you think a conquering nation should impose its culture on a subject country?

1. What is the legend of "The Stone Dog?"
2. Arrange an oral English program from other stories about faithful dogs.

1. What is the work of the *Brandaris*? 2. Why is special attention to sea rescue necessary in the Netherlands?

1. What animal life is there in the Mojave Desert?
2. How does this story agree with your own fancy of the desert?

1. How do the people of Holland, Michigan, celebrate tulip time? 2. Why are tulips so important in this United States town?

1. Describe one stamp from France or the Philippine Islands. 2. Bring interesting stamps to school and tell about them.

1. Where did the material in this issue of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS come from? 2. Choose interesting correspondence from schools abroad for a school magazine.

1. Why is a part of Louisiana called Acadia?
2. Tell an interesting incident from *Evangeline*.

1. What experiences did Ryoitchi Sato have on October 31, 1935? 2. Why did he have to broadcast at four o'clock in the morning?

1. Which illustration interests you most in the "International Exchange?" 2. Make plans for illustrating your school correspondence album.

1. Make a sentence for each poem telling what it is about. 2. Write an original poem with or without rhyme.

1. Why did Anton go home without any money?
2. Do you think he did the best thing with his money?

1. What did each animal teach Johnny about good health? 2. Tell some habits you would not want to copy from some of the animals.

1. What adventures did Tatsuo Hashimoto have?
2. What makes you think he would be an entertaining friend?

1. Which activity recorded appeals to you most?
2. What is the purpose that unites all Junior Red Cross members?

### Special Interest of This Number

All teachers interested in creative expression, either through writing or drawing, will welcome this issue of the News as a significant one. Of equal importance is the demonstration given of the wide range of subject matter constantly used in this practical experience with world good will.

### The Puffer Train

The charming little song of the passengers on "The Puffer Train," published in the April issue, was written by Molly Anderson Morgenroth. If you are saving your "Puffer Train" story so that the children can continue to sing the song, as we hope they will, please write the author's name on your copy.



# Developing Program Activities for May

## Material for World Good Will Day

THE National Council of Teachers of English has prepared a bulletin giving plans for World Good Will Day (May 18) and activities to promote international understanding:

"The booklet covers classroom projects, assembly programs, special day observances, extra-curricular activities, Red Cross cooperation, and panel discussions, and gives a list of essays, poems, and plays suitable for students' reading. Any who wish a copy of the bulletin should write to the National Council of Teachers of English, 211 West Sixty-eighth Street, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing ten cents in stamps or coin."

## A Mother's Observation

The following letter is quoted from the newspaper published in Ojai, California:

"As a Red Cross supporter I commend the educational possibilities evidenced in the Nordhoff grammar school Junior Red Cross activity last Friday.

"The children coaxed eight parents with cars to transport their room group (forty-three members and teacher) to a neighboring two-room school to explain and put on a World Friendship Junior Red Cross project.

"The flags of many nations, the score of albums received in their foreign correspondence, every child in the class taking well the part he played, the wonderful lessons, songs and best of all the doing rather than merely saying—all, to me is an inspiration that, like beautiful music, I keenly desire to share.

"If this is the new education, I am for it one hundred per cent."

## The Experience of Pupils

A high-school student of Alliance, Ohio, Betty R. Davis, wrote of what international correspondence had meant to her:

"The letters we send to boys and girls in far-away countries are fun to write and receive. By means of these letters there is a constant exchange of ideas, new points of view. It brings better understanding between everyone. How surprised we are to learn that the German children we wrote to last month do not have the same plans for the future that we do. By friendly letters, perhaps better than any other way, we learn of customs of other countries.

"The Red Cross helps us to find out about boys and girls of our own age in other lands. It is a privilege that we may all enjoy, by cooperating with the Junior Red Cross in its efforts to sponsor international understanding and friendship."

A Junior Red Cross member of the Phillips High School, Birmingham, Alabama, wrote to fellow-members in Latvia:

"Dear Friends in Latvia:

"We wish to send you this message in order to express our enjoyment of your first radio broadcast to America from your Capital City, Riga. We join with you in celebrating your Republic's Anniversary.

"The friendliness and warmth of your program's good wishes were appreciated by every one of us. It was an opportunity and a pleasure to hear one of

your delightful folk songs and we anxiously await the time of another.

"Although many miles separate us, we felt a great thrill in our hearts when we heard the voices of your countrymen blended in song. We feel sure your choirs can hardly be surpassed. May their music be enjoyed all the world 'round.

"We sincerely hope that through the progression of your country, your broadcasts will be many. We join together in wishing you much happiness and success in future programs."

Pupils of the Washington School, Boston, Massachusetts, told of the way in which good will was advanced in their city, through an album received from Poland:

"Dear Friends:

"We are very grateful for the portfolio which you have so kindly sent us. It was admired by many people outside of school. We are returning a booklet which we have enjoyed making and which we hope may please you.

"My friend and I having looked at the portfolio that you friends sent us decided to show it to a Polish priest nearby who is a pastor of a Polish church. He was quite delighted with it and suggested that we take it to Cambridge and show it to some Polish sisters there who teach a Polish school. After arriving there and having entered their house we were invited to sit down while they all looked at the portfolio. They thought it a wonderful piece of work and also gave us some suggestions for our portfolio to send to you friends. Strangely enough, their suggestions were just what we were thinking of, but we thanked them kindly and soon started on our return to Boston.

"Our trip and visit was enjoyed very much because the day had turned out to be pleasant and there were many wonderful sights on the way."

## A Garden in Norway

Members of the American Junior Red Cross may be surprised to learn that they have become gardeners in Norway, through the N. C. F. Perhaps some of them will now imitate the gardeners they helped, and actually practice what they have promoted at a distance:

"The Junior Red Cross group at Norfolk has bought a piece of ground which the children are cultivating entirely themselves. This ground is situated on the edge of the water and the soil is very good. After having been spaded and manured, the ground was divided into sections of fifty square meters, each one being entrusted to a child. The Juniors will plant and water the ground under the direction of a gardener who has promised to superintend the work and furnish the necessary plants. To the north and east there are pine trees and birches; the rest of the land will be planted with vegetables and berry bushes.

"It is through a gift from the National Children's Fund of the American Juniors that this group has been able to meet the initial expenses, buy plants, seeds, tools, etc. The work is begun now and it is hoped that the Juniors' garden will soon show a full harvest."



# Junior Red Cross During Vacation

## Summer Play Schools

THE Child Study Association of America, 221 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, has published a booklet called *Community Programs for Summer Play Schools*, giving "vacation projects in experimental education and creative recreation through the cooperation of schools and other community agencies." The contents include discussion of the need for such a program, a history of the growth of the summer play-school movement, an exposition of the program, and suggestions for organizations. It may be obtained from the Child Study Association for thirty-five cents.

## A Play Day

From Fawnskin, California, comes the report of a Red Cross Play Day, last November, which might well be adopted as a summer vacation activity in many communities. The letter about it was written by Marion M. Woodward:

"We inquired at the County Office for the school which would most deserve and appreciate such a day. Two schools were suggested. The first was the City Creek School—located some two or three miles south of San Bernardino in the wash of City Creek some fifty-five miles distant. The second was Helendale—located in the Victor Valley near Barstow—a distance of fifty-six miles on the opposite side of our mountain from San Bernardino.

"Invitations were sent to both schools and were accepted. Then the fun of planning. The children planned food, place cards, window decorations, a display of skis, toboggans, snowshoes, also games.

"All was in readiness when the car load arrived at ten o'clock from Helendale. They had no sooner got their names written in crayola and pinned on than a large Ford truck appeared, bringing the other school with one hundred per cent attendance, nineteen in all.

"After a few minutes of labeling and getting acquainted we invited our guests for a hike. The trails had been chosen carefully, remembering our friends were not accustomed to this elevation. At the top of a hill we rested and enjoyed a morning lunch of nuts and apples. Our hike resumed and at twelve we again gathered at the schoolhouse for a few games before lunch was served.

"With the assistance of the ladies on the board we served plates of three large wieners (hot), mustard, sandwiches, jelly, hot creamed potatoes, fruit Jell-O.

"The plates were refilled as many times as the children wished. Several would go out to play and return for more food. The teacher said several of her nineteen were not in the habit of being fed to capacity. A total of thirty-nine were fed at noon. We had hoped for fifty, but transportation for all of Helendale was impossible.

"A real baseball game took place after lunch for the older ones and tire-rolling games and 'Keep Away' for the little tots.

"At mid-afternoon our guests left us, all seeming to appreciate their first trip to Big Bear Lake.

"In our invitation we stated we would pay the

cost of gas or more, so that all might come. The truck charged five dollars. Our food cost was a little more than eight dollars. The teacher driving her own car from Helendale took nothing for expenses. Our entire expense for the day amounted to \$13.24.

"We, along with the ladies of the board and neighbors of the school, felt the day well worth the effort. Mrs. Tyler, teacher of City Creek, said it was by far the greatest day in most, if not all, the lives of her small pupils.

"Fawnskin was so interested in this little group that we arranged tiny remembrances for each child at Christmas of gaily painted whistles, kaleidoscope, balloon and candy bar.

"The children enjoyed the treat of entertaining and assure me emphatically that it really wasn't any trouble. They are hoping to be able to try it another year."

## Vacation Groups of Juniors

Last summer, ten girls, members of the Cabin John, Maryland, School organized a vacation club, calling it the "Onaway Unit" of the Junior Red Cross of their school. Under the versatile leadership of a "friendly neighbor," Mina C. Brann, skilled in recreational activities for children, they learned games and dances, made gifts for service, and an album for international exchange, and sewed and filled twenty-four hospital bags for soldiers, sailors, and marines in government hospitals. Late in the summer they gave a community demonstration of the things they had learned and done.

In Jefferson County, Alabama, pupils in the Alabama Vocational School made as a "vacation project," seventeen dressed rag dolls, menu covers, Christmas cards, and Thanksgiving cards for a government hospital. Their gifts were ready for the Junior Red Cross worker when she returned the middle of August and began preparations for the Junior Red Cross program in the fall.

## Summer Do's and Some Are Dont's

The *British Junior Red Cross Journal* supplies a set of useful "Do's and Don'ts" for summer health:

"Spend as much time in the open air as ever you can

"But—Don't sit reading with the sun glaring full on your book.

"Learn to swim

"But—Don't go bathing directly after a meal.

"Play games and take exercise

"But—Don't forget to put on a coat when you leave off.

"Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables

"But—Don't touch unripe or unsound fruit.

"Go for picnics

"But—Don't leave litter about.

"Make lemonade if you like it

"But—Don't make it in an enameled mug—use china or glass.

"Take a few flowers home with you

"But—Don't pick them extravagantly or carelessly.

"Ride your bike

"But—Don't ride in the middle of the road."

# Individual Activities for Vacation

## Quiet Things to Do and Learn

THE Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross magazine, *Lipa*, printed an article by A. Ocenasek that suggests many amusements of a kind too often forgotten in our over-organized vacation living:

"This afternoon I shall not speak about games in which you can test your strength and speed. I am thinking only of some occupation for you, when you will have plenty of leisure time during the holidays that you will spend on the grass, in the garden, on the edge of the forest, near a stream, etc.

"So that it is not games, but rather amusement that I have in mind—the calm pleasure that comes from your surroundings, their appeal to your intelligence or simply to your perceptions.

"*Listening in to nature:* Lie down on your back in the grass and cover your eyes with your hat or handkerchief. With arms and legs stretched out, you can hear all the noises which reach us and it is difficult to imagine how many there are—the buzzing of flies and mosquitoes, the song of birds, barking of dogs, mooing of cows, the sighing of the wind in the trees and the noise of passing trains . . . Some of these noises are hardly perceptible, while others are loud. When you hear the mysterious murmur of the grass, the grain, the bushes or the trees of the forest, you can think about the source of these noises, and what nature tells us through them. It will seem perhaps that it is the voice of the past coming to us through the ages. The breeze whispers something and passes, leaving a delicious feeling of infinitude.

"*Contemplating the clouds:* Still stretched out on your back you can look at the clouds. Their movement in the sky gives the impression that the world is turning round you, that you are the center of the movement. If an insect passes before your eyes it seems to you like an eagle flying high in the air.

"*Imitating sounds:* Sitting or reclining near the edge of a wood you can attempt to imitate the cries of birds, insects or animals that you have heard. The imitation should be as perfect as possible as regards pitch, tone, strength and character. You can try, for example, to emulate the yellowhammer's 'A little bit of bread and no cheese.'

"*By the Brook:* Every one of you doubtless knows of some brook which flows along now peacefully, now swiftly, making sometimes big curves or a tiny lake, or again bubbling or sparkling over stones and making tiny cascades over bits of projecting rock. Everywhere you will find something of interest by a brook. Sit down beside a pool in the brook and you will see waterflies scurrying over the surface without ruffling it in the slightest. Think it out how the waterfly can skim over the surface like a skater on ice without its feet dipping into the water. Then there may be the water beetle which is about as big as a barleycorn, and of a shiny steel-blue black. This beetle, cutting lines on the surface of the water as if with a black diamond, is sometimes alone, sometimes in a big crowd of companions. There are insects which swim on their backs, tadpoles and young frogs, the diving beetle and a lot of other most interesting life.

"*On the sandy bank of a river or pond:* Avoid rivers or ponds with steep or overhanging banks. On the other hand you will find much delight in a river where there is a sandy shore and shallow, warmish water. How very many ways there are of enjoying oneself there! Some of you will no doubt like to hunt for cockle shells which sometimes protrude from the sand. The inside of the shell has been ornamented by the animal that lived there with a beautiful bed of mother of pearl which shows up in rainbow colors. You can also collect there the colored stones which the river on its long journey from the mountains has worn smooth and polished till they look like precious stones. You should make a collection of the handsomest of these.

"*In the clearing:* Are you patient and can you stay quiet? Sit down in a propitious place in a clearing, do not move and wait and see what happens. The life that your arrival dispersed or rendered silent will begin to show again. Thus, perhaps the squirrel will come down from his tree and walk or gambol near you. The birds will come, too. They will fly about and play confidently and will settle quite near you. You might perhaps see a mouse, or a lizard, a butterfly will light on a flower near your hand. It is impossible to enumerate all that may happen if you have patience. You will be well rewarded.

"*Looking under a stone:* The stones which lie here and there in the grass or at the edge of fields, on the hillsides, or in the clearings, are not there without being useful for something. They are nearly always the refuge of minute creatures. Turn these stones over and you will see galleries dug by spiders and ants, you will see their larvae, perhaps, too, a little mouse. The pale color of the grass blades will certainly arouse your curiosity. Look at all these things and remember that everything in nature has a reason.

"*Fire stones:* You know what a pebble is. At night when it is very dark, take a pebble in each hand and rub them against the other. They will produce sparks. That is the fire discovered by primitive man and which became his greatest benefactor. Sparks struck from stones have always made the deepest impression on men. They recall dimly the miserable life of man before he knew fire. If you have a Scout knife you will obtain sparks more easily than by rubbing two pebbles. You can also get sparks by throwing pebbles on a pile of flint. Formerly, when roads were paved with flint, the horses' hoofs made sparks. Today the roads are covered with asphalt or cement and they rarely ring to horses' hoofs.

"*Drops of Water:* A pretty sight is the glittering of drops of water in sunshine. Take a stick and swish it briskly through the water. It will make a spray of drops that will produce a beautiful play of colors.

"*Gazing under water:* Those of you who can dive can get a lot of fun and interest out of opening your eyes under water. It is better to do this in pairs. Two boys holding hands submerge themselves and open their eyes. It is wonderful how interesting everything looks in the yellowish light of the water."



Here in the narrow streets he cried, "Pescado! Pescado! Fresh fish today!"

## The Stone Dog

Illustrations by Jacob Landau

**M**ANY are the strange tales, such as this, that one may hear from old folks of wide experience . . .

There once lived an aged Puerto Rican fisherman named Ruperto. His thatched hut stood between two rocks on a point of land in Cangrejos directly opposite the ancient fort of San Geronimo. Today a palatial home occupies the very spot. But Ruperto lived so long ago that his humble dwelling was then the only one in sight on the bare, windswept promontory. Nor was there a single *bhio*, or hut, among the sighing, whispering palms of the endless coconut grove beyond.

Ruperto had been tall and strong in his youth. But now he was stooped beneath the weight of many years. His black hair had become thin and gray. Solitary he was, without wife or child. One faithful companion remained by his side. This was a huge brown dog.

On a stormy day Ruperto had been carried off his feet by a wave which rolled unexpectedly over the rocks. Just as he was about to drown, an enormous dog miraculously appeared and saved him. This dog henceforth remained with Ruperto who named him Leon, for he justly regarded the animal as superior to other dogs. The lonely fisherman soon fell into the habit of speaking to Leon as though he were a human friend.

The soldier on watch in the nearby fort often observed Ruperto and Leon. He could see that the dog was not only the old fisherman's constant companion, but his assistant as well. In the morning Ruperto cast his net into the shallow water of the blue lagoon. At the close of the day Leon swam out, caught hold of one end of the net and helped his master pull in the day's catch.

"*Gracias, mi querido Leon,*" said Ruperto solemnly. "Thank you, my dear Leon."

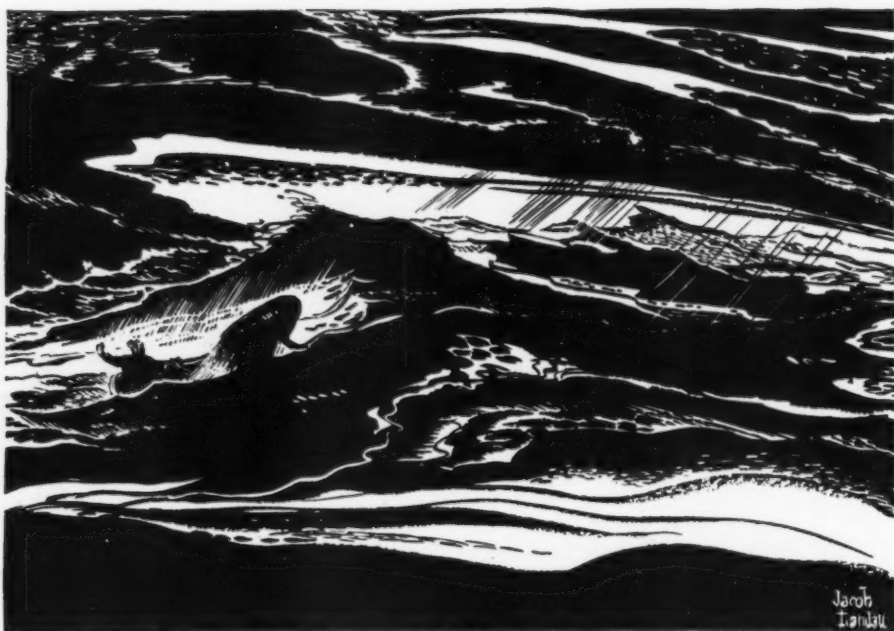
The dog, dripping wet on reaching the sandy shore, shook himself and gave a gladsome bark in reply, as much as to say, "That was nothing, dear master. I am overjoyed to be of assistance to you."

Leon was so big and heavy that Ruperto's old arms could not row his small boat easily when the dog was in it, especially if the boat were full of fish. Hence on those calm days when the fisherman went to sea, he could not take his pet with him. The guard at San Geronimo always noticed Leon keeping faithful watch. The dog sat on one of the coral rocks of the reef which almost connected the fort with the neighboring point of land where Ruperto lived.

"That dog is a more patient sentinel than any soldier," often remarked the guard.

With what joy Leon welcomed the safe return of his master! Several times he swam out to





*For hours the tempest continued, increasing to the fury of a hurricane*

meet him. But Ruperto feared that his dog might be caught and eaten by a shark or a barracuda.

"No, no, *amigo mio*," he finally said one day. "Wait for me in safety on the rocks. There is great danger for you in the ocean, and what would I do without my friend?"

Leon seemed to understand these words, for he swam out to sea no more.

Ruperto kept his fish alive in a pool he had made among the rocks. When he had a sufficient number, he loaded them into the boat. Then he rowed across the lagoon. Leon swam behind. There was no man-made causeway dividing the water in those times. Ruperto guided his boat straight towards the San Antonio Bridge.

The old fisherman thought of how, years and years before, he had liked to hear his grandfather tell the story of the battle fought here in 1598. Under the leadership of a heroic captain named Bernabe de Serralta, this bridge had been successfully defended against attacks even in Ruperto's time. Already the ancient bridge had become a historic landmark.

When they reached the other shore, Leon climbed out of the water.

"Adios, my friend," said Ruperto. "Until we meet!" Then he rowed on, under the wooden bridge, and into the San Juan Bay beyond. Giving several loud barks of farewell, Leon set out contentedly along the road leading to the city.

About an hour later, when Ruperto had reached the Marina, there was his intelligent dog running excitedly up and down the beach, waiting for him. Thus they always separated and met, as it was too far for Leon to swim all the way!

Ruperto loaded his fresh fish into a large flat basket. He lifted it with difficulty on to his head—with difficulty, because his once-powerful arms were shaky and weak. Then he limped up through the San Justo gate into the walled city of San Juan. Here in the narrow streets he cried:

"*Pescado! Pescado!* Fish! Fish! Fresh fish for everyone today!"

People looked out of their windows. They saw a familiar sight—old Ruperto bearing his heavy burden of fish which he had worked long and hard to catch; faithful Leon stalking at his master's side.

"Let us hope that the good city folk are hungry for fish today, Leon, my friend," remarked Ruperto.

When the people came out to buy, Ruperto received only about one cent apiece for his fish. Money was scarce in those days; fish were plentiful. Hence the prices were very, very low.

When Ruperto had sold all his week's supply of fish, he had little more than two pesos. In the old market place near Fort San Cristobal he purchased a few simple supplies—some rice, some tobacco, a candle. He bought a large ox

bone for Leon—the dog's weekly reward for service.

Then came Leon's special treat—the trip home in the empty boat. The dog sat upright in the bow, like some graven figurehead of days of old. When they reached Cangrejos after the long, wearisome day, the red sun was already setting behind the far blue hills of Boriquen. Soon the blazing stars appeared in the velvet-black tropical heavens.

"Good night, *amigo mio*; until the morrow," said old Ruperto gravely.

Leon whined softly and rubbed his head against his master's knees. This was his way of saying goodnight.

The old man lay down in his hammock. Leon stretched himself across the doorway. All through the night there came the sound of waves breaking on the rocks outside. Thus the two friends slept until the sun came up round and golden out of the sea. Then began once again the casting of nets to catch more fish to take to San Juan.

So lived the lonely fisherman with his dog for several years in complete contentment.

One morning the turquoise-blue Atlantic stretched away to the horizon as tranquil as a pond. Old Ruperto, shading his eyes against the bright morning sun, decided that this would be a good day for *chillo* fishing.

*Chillos colorados* are among the most delectable of tropical sea fish. They never come into shallow waters and are caught only at considerable depths. When they are brought out of the sea, their big round eyes become distended, because the air pressure is far less than the water pressure under which they live.

For these dainty squirrel-fish Ruperto received three times as much money as he did for the more common kinds. "I may even be able to buy us a treat of Spanish sausage and wine!" he told Leon. "So, farewell, my friend, until evening!"

But when Ruperto climbed into his little boat, Leon whined and ran up and down in evident anxiety. It was unusual for him to act that way. Ruperto climbed out and patted and soothed him. Yet as soon as he was in the boat once more, Leon again began to act strangely. He even swam after his master as far as the opening in the

rocks. He barked sharply as though to entreat Ruperto, "Do not go! Oh, please, do not go, dear master!"

When Ruperto had rowed through the breakers, which were only lazy ripples on this calm day, Leon jumped to his customary post on the brown rocks. He barked and barked as long as Ruperto could hear him.

"What ails the dog?" thought the old man. He glanced at the blue sky somewhat fearfully. It was cloudless. Reassured, he smiled and continued to row farther away from land, that he might reach the deep waters where the *chillos* hide.

Soon Ruperto had quite lost sight of the palm-fringed shore. He could see only the great blue bulk of El Yunque, always the landmark for mariners.

Uncanny at times is the intuition of dogs, far exceeding that of over-confident man. . . .

By noontime, the morning's tranquillity was



gone. The blue sky was overcast with ragged, leaden clouds. A sudden breeze swept in from the sea, rudely disturbing the calmness of the waters. The guard at San Geronimo glanced apprehensively at the sky. He did not like the color of it. The gusty wind, growing stronger every moment, had an ominous sound. Then his worried gaze chanced to fall on the coral rocks. There sat the fisherman's dog looking steadily out across the tumbling sea! He sat so still that he might have been molded from the rock itself.

The sentry's heart jumped. The waiting dog meant that the old master was at sea! Even before he had time to realize the full portent of this, a black cloud blotted out the sun; the sound of the wind increased to a roar; a vast wave rolled in from the ocean; and the terrible storm broke! . . .

For hours the tempest continued, increasing to the fury of a hurricane. Throughout the dark afternoon the guard tried in vain to see whether that pathetic form was still keeping watch on the wave-lashed rocks. Night came on—long, fearsome hours filled with the clamor of wind and sea.

But when morning dawned and the storm had subsided, the astonished sentry made out through the white foam which broke mountainously over the brown rocks, a firm and unmoved figure. . . .

All day it remained there, upright, motionless, with lifted head turned out toward the tossing sea.

And the next day . . . and the next . . . and the next after that . . . then the sentry at San Geronimo was relieved from duty. He whispered fearfully to the guard who had come to take his place, something about a phantom dog that had turned to stone. And the new sentry begged him not to mention such a thing, as it was lonely work in those days to keep watch at San Geronimo. But he could not help seeing, every time he looked out through the embrasures of the heavy parapets, the Stone Dog!

And to this very day, as you pass over the causeway towards the Condado, you may see staring ever out to sea, an upright stone—the life-like shape of a huge brown dog!

NOTE: This story came in an album from the Labra School, San Turce, Puerto Rico, to the High School, Mohawk, New York.



## To the Rescue

A LETTER from the Higher Elementary School in West Terschelling, one of the Netherlands seaside resorts, to a school in the United States, says:

"In our whole country much attention is given to sea rescue work, but especially in our land of Terschelling. In former days Terschelling had only rowing lifeboats, but at last it got too difficult to save shipwrecked persons with only rowing lifeboats. Therefore in 1910 a motor lifeboat called the *Brandaris* was bought. The *Brandaris* is also the name of our lighthouse. It is the name of an old patron of the seamen. In her eleven years' existence the name of the *Brandaris* was known far outside our country. She even saved the crews of three American ships, the

*Liberty Glo*, the *West Aleta* and the *West Arvada*. She saved forty-six men on the *West Aleta*. In 1921 when the *Brandaris* went out in a heavy storm to save the crew of a German schooner, she did not come back, and all on board were drowned. In 1924 a new motor lifeboat, also called *Brandaris*, was bought. The new *Brandaris* has two motors of forty-five horsepower, and is the largest lifeboat of the world.

"Our lighthouse at West Terschelling is the oldest stone lighthouse in the Netherlands. Formerly it was the strongest lighthouse in all Europe, though it was built in 1599. The electric light on it has 1,936,000 candlepower."

With the letter was this drawing made by a student in the Dutch school.



# Life in The Mojave Desert

ED BUTLER

Illustrations by the Author



THE COYOTE

ing your letters and looking at the scenes of Sweden.

I think it is entertaining for anyone to hear about another country; and for this reason I am going to tell you about California's famous Mojave Desert where I lived for over a year.

When I first saw the great treeless stretches of sand with nothing visible anywhere but cactus and sage, I could see nothing very interesting about the desert. When I became used to living there, I found that there are many things there besides sand, sage, and cactus.

The most common cactus on the Mojave is the Joshua tree. Some people say its name came from the Bible and means "praying tree," but nobody knows how it came to be called Joshua. Two of the many other kinds of cactus there are the yucca, and the barrel cactus, which furnishes water for birds and animals as well as for the old prospectors who hunt for gold in the desert. There are varieties, too, that furnish shelter and homes for small animals and birds. Sage brushes grow everywhere and rabbit holes can be found under nearly all of them. In the springtime the foothills are covered with wild flowers. These vast wild flower fields look like many colored blankets flung over the sands. In the spring the cactus and sage bloom, too, and the blossoms are of bright hues and rather large. When the cactus flowers disappear, seed pods are formed and these furnish food for the chipmunks and squirrels. Any day in the year I could walk out into the



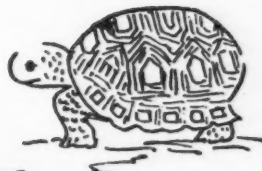
CHIPMUNK

DEAR Friends of Malmo, Sweden: Jefferson High School, Los Angeles, received your very interesting album and I certainly enjoyed read-

desert and see hundreds of rodents and other animals. The most common are the rabbits. There are two kinds of these, the cottontail and the jackrabbit. These animals lead a very dangerous life because coyotes, hunters, dogs and snakes are always looking for them.

The coyotes come out at night, and many times I could not go to sleep for their yelping and barking. A coyote is about the size of an Airedale dog and its bark is almost the same. The coyotes are great cowards, however, and will not fight unless attacked and cornered. They are more than a match for a dog when angry, though. The coyotes are always looking for rabbits, but the mountain lion is always looking for the coyote. The mountain lions also come out at night and their screams sound exactly like a woman screaming in agony.

There are ground squirrels and chipmunks in abundance. The ground squirrels are about six or seven inches long and live in the ground. The chipmunks are about four inches long and live either in the ground or in a Joshua tree. They feed both on the seed pods of



THE DESERT TURTLE



TARANTULA



THE PACK RAT



THE HORNED TOAD



KANGAROO RAT



PHOTO BY W. L. HUBER—COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

*A Joshua tree*

this tree, and on the farmers' nut trees if there are any in the neighborhood.

The pack-rat is a very funny little creature that is the bane of the desert prospector. It is attracted by anything bright and shiny; and because it continually steals knives, forks, spoons, and any other bright thing it is called the pack-rat. Another little creature is the kangaroo rat, which is neither a rat nor a kangaroo. Its tail is longer than its body and has a small tuft on the end. It lives in holes under the sage brush.

There are many snakes on the desert, but only one of them is poisonous. This is the rattlesnake, the snake that has curious rattles on its tail. One bite from this snake is enough to kill a man, so one must be on the lookout. I killed a few of these rattlers, but I never got over a fear of them. Other snakes are the gopher snakes that eat small rodents and gophers, the red-racers, the

garter snakes, and the king snakes that eat rattlesnakes. I once tried to tame a gopher snake. I put a string around its neck and put it in my pocket. That didn't please the snake, so he bit my finger and I promptly dropped him. For all I know, he is still crawling around with a string on his neck.

There is a very poisonous spider on the Mojave, called the tarantula, that is sometimes two or three inches across. Tarantulas are the most hideous things on the desert and are just as dangerous as they are hideous. There are other spiders also, but none of them is really poisonous.

One of the queerest things I saw on the Mojave was the desert tortoise. These odd tortoises live for hundreds of years and can go for days without food. They live on the wild flowers and flies or other insects they find. Another strange thing is the horned toad. This is really a lizard, its real name being horned lizard. Its back is covered with a heavy, horny scale with points on it. These lizards love to be scratched and will lie for hours in your hand sound asleep while you scratch their heads. This is not the only lizard you can find on the desert, but the others run off so fast when they see a person that we can't look at them closely.

In the desert there are pretty song birds as well as ugly crows, hawks and buzzards. The buzzards are the homeliest birds imaginable; and to make them still more hideous, they eat dead animals and rotted flesh.

The most interesting birds, I thought, were the road-runners. These birds can't fly, but they run as fast as an automobile, and woe unto any snake that crosses their path! Road-runners think a snake is a great delicacy, and eat it as we do candy. They kill rattlesnakes, so they are friends to desert dwellers.

I thought the weather would be hot enough to cook eggs on the rocks, but I found it never got hotter than 115 degrees in the shade. Although most people think it never rains on the Mojave, I found that it rained as often as it did in any other place. This winter there were over two feet of snow, so you can see it isn't as bad as most people think.

I wish all of you could live on the desert as I did, because I had a great time. When it got too hot, I went in swimming all day, and when it was too cold, I stayed in the house and watched it snow.



**THE JACKRABBIT**



## Tulip Time in Holland, Michigan

*In its album for a school in Poland, Longfellow School, Holland, Michigan, told about the great spring festival of their town.*

**W**E CALL our town Holland because we have so many Dutch people here. Van Raalte was the one who started it, and he was a Dutch person himself. In Holland we have a school named after him.

Each year in May we have a week set aside for Tulip Time. As you enter Holland, you see a wooden shoe form hanging above the road. At night it is lighted up very beautifully and you can read "It's Tulip Time in Holland Every Year in May." In May we have millions of tulips along the road and on the corners are large beds of tulips. We have a park here, and it is called Centennial Park. In the grass are a wooden shoe and a windmill made of tulips. We have many flower shows, too.

Tulip Time in Holland is just about the greatest event of the year. Everyone gets out his Dutch costume as soon as it is time. For one whole week the town becomes a regular Dutch Holland. The clerks in the stores wear Dutch costumes, the waitresses in the restaurants wear them. All of the children from babies to grown-ups wear Dutch costumes. Even the teachers in our schools wear them. The mayor and the councilmen wear Dutch costumes, also. Thousands of people came to watch the picturesque parades. The first Saturday, Opening Day, everyone gets out waterpails, scrubbing brushes,

and "Old Dutch Cleanser" to scrub the streets. Men throw the water on first, then the "Dutch Cleanser," and then the ladies scrub the streets just as clean as the Dutch do. The school children have a parade on Wednesday with many beautiful floats. All of the children wear the Dutch costumes. Some knit, some ride bicycles, some jump the rope, and some roller skate, to show activities common in the Netherlands. On Tuesday is the authentic parade, when all of the people that have real Dutch costumes march. On that day the mayor and councilmen march also. Every evening in front of our city park, high-school girls dance Dutch dances.

If you come into Holland from the south or west, you will see lanes of tulips on both sides of the street. All through Holland you will see these lanes, about seventeen miles of them. There is also Nelis' farm, where are many acres of different kinds and colors of beautiful tulips. On the last Saturday we have a review of bands. Bands from all over the country come here to enter the contest. Prizes are awarded to the two best bands. All through the week there are exhibits in different buildings. There are real windmills, made from tulips, and many other beautiful floral pieces. In some places Dutch ladies serve Dutch dinners.

But after a while it is all over. Some people are sorry it is over and some are glad. But there is always the next year to look forward to, for "It's Tulip Time in Holland Every Year in May."





## Stamp Stories

**M**ANY schools put stamps in the albums they exchange with schools in other countries. The stamps are made ten times more interesting when they are accompanied by explanations such as those which came in an album from a school in France to correspondents in the United States.

**T**HE fifteen centime stamp shows the figure of France as a sower. She wears the Phrygian cap, which was adopted during the French Revolution. She carries a large sack of grain.

In the one franc stamp France holds the olive branch in honor of Pasteur. The Pasteur portrait stamp also honors the great scientist who discovered the treatment that has saved so many people from awful death from rabies.

The Jacquard portrait is in memory of the man who perfected a wonderful loom for silk weaving. It was such an improvement over the old looms that workers at the beginning of the last century bitterly opposed it, as they knew that it was a labor-saver and would throw some of them out of jobs. But it was adopted and in the end it brought prosperity to the city of Lyons, the leading silk center of France.

The Richelieu

stamp was issued in 1935, just three hundred years after the great Cardinal, who was the real ruler in the reign of Louis XIII, founded the French Academy for the encouragement of French writers.

One of the most beautiful buildings in all the world is the glorious Mont St. Michel, the island fortress and abbey, on the coast of Normandy. It was built by French monks of the Middle Ages.

The two franc stamp shows the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Under it passed the Allied troops after the end of the World War in 1918. The Arch was built by Napoleon in honor of his victories, and stands at the head of the Champs Elysées, one of the most beautiful streets in the world.

In 1924 the Olympic Games were held in Paris and France issued a stamp in honor of the games.

The ten centime stamp shows France seated and holding up to view the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, which were drawn up in 1789 during the French Revolution.

The twenty-five centime stamp is an old one dating from 1890. It shows Mercury, god of commerce, allied to industry. It stands for the prosperity which came to France through the encouragement given to commerce and industry by the Third Republic.

*There is a law against reproducing United States stamps; so we can not show the Philippine stamps described by the Elementary School at Valencia in an album for Webster School, La Crosse, Wisconsin. The stories are so interesting, however, that we feel sure that a good many of our readers will get hold of the stamps described and add them to their collections.*

### PEARL FISHING

**T**HE pearl-fishing stamp is dedicated to the pearl-fishing industry, which is found in the southernmost islands of the Philippines, the Sulu Archipelago. These islands belong to the Mindanao group. The capital of the Sulu Archipelago is Jolo. This place is the center of the pearling fleet.

The pearls are precious stones found in the flesh of the oysters. They are of great value. Most of the pearls obtained in the Philippines



are sent to Singapore. The Moros are noted divers for getting these pearls. You will see a Moro with his boat in the picture.

#### MAGELLAN LANDING

THIS stamp is issued in memory of Magellan's landing in the Philippines. Magellan was looking for the Spice Islands and not for the Philippines. He was in search of a western route to the Indies. On his way, he discovered the Philippines accidentally. It was in March, 1521, when he sighted an island with lofty mountains.

He afterward learned that this island was called Zamal, now called Samar. On the following day, Magellan landed with his worn-out sailors on an island named

Huminu or Homonhon. From Homonhon, Magellan sailed to Limasawa, an island south of Leyte, and from thence to Cebu.

The voyage of Magellan's ships proved that the world is round.

#### THE BLOOD COMPACT

The picture in the stamp represents the blood compact. In the picture, we can see Sikatuna, chieftain in Bohol, and Legaspi, a Spanish commander.

They are sitting at the table celebrating the pact of blood.

The blood compact was an ancient Filipino way of promising friendship. One of the chiefs cut his arm and made the blood flow into a cup. The other chief then cut his arm and made his blood flow into the same cup. This cup was then filled with wine. Each chief drank a little of the wine or liquid in the cup as a sign of solemn promise of friendship.

#### A GIRL DRESSED IN BALINTAWAK

The Balintawak stamp is issued in memory of the historical event that occurred in a place called Balintawak in the summer of 1890.

The members of the Katipunan, a secret society organized by Andres Bonifacio, met secretly in this place. More than two thousand men met there armed with sharp bolos.

In Balintawak on August 26 was first announced the republic that was organized two years later. Two thousand voices rent the air with the cry, "Long live the Philippine Republic." This was the beginning of the Revolution. In our history, this event is called "The Cry of Balintawak."

The women's way of dressing is like the costume used in this stamp. It is called the Balintawak style in honor of the event taking place at Balintawak.

#### FORT SANTIAGO

This stamp is made in memory of Dr. José Rizal, a great Filipino hero, who was imprisoned in Fort Santiago on the sixth of July, 1892. Dr. José Rizal was suspected of being a leading member of the Katipunan, organized by Andres Bonifacio against the Spaniards.

#### DR. JOSÉ RIZAL

This stamp is issued in honor of Dr. José Rizal, the greatest Filipino hero the Philippines ever had.

José Rizal was born in Calamba on the shores of beautiful Laguna Bay. He grew up to be a great and noble man. Even as a child he observed that the people of his country were not happy. He was very intelligent. He studied hard. He went to Europe to observe how the people were governed there. He wrote books against the cruelties of the Spaniards.

Because of his works he had many enemies. He was accused of treachery to Spain. He was condemned to death, and wrote a poem entitled, "My Last Farewell." Very early in the morning of December 30, 1896, Rizal was shot on the field of Bagumbayan. The day is a day of mourning for the greatest Filipino hero.

#### COMMONWEALTH STAMP

The commonwealth stamp is made in memory of the establishment of the Commonwealth Government which was inaugurated on November 15, 1935.

In the picture we can see a Filipino woman representing the Philippine Islands. The Philippine Islands is anxious to see herself a happy independent nation after a ten-year transition period set forth in the McDuffee-Tydings Bill granted by the United States Congress.

In the picture, we can also see the Filipino woman led by America to the platform of independent nations. This means that the United States is leading the Philippine Islands to the platform of the free independent countries of the world.

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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## ABOUT THIS NUMBER

THIS is an international exchange number in honor of World Good Will Day, May 18. The members of the Junior Red Cross of the world get many different kinds of material in their international exchanges. The cover of this issue, for example, was sent by a Polish school as a thank-you for gifts it had received in the little Christmas boxes from America. Children in Polish schools learn to be very skillful in this kind of paper cut-out work. The frontispiece picture from a Latvian school correspondence album illustrates an interesting period in the history of that Baltic country. Other material in this number which has been taken from international school correspondence gives an idea of how many things there are to write about in these albums. Zeke and Läite make a good doll exchange story.

Then there is the story from the Estonian magazine. More than thirty Junior Red Cross magazines are being published around the world now, and these magazines are constantly borrowing from each other. Many of the stories in the NEWS have been translated into Japanese or French or some other language for Juniors in other lands to read. And we have again and again borrowed from the other magazines. We borrowed the idea of an international exchange issue from the German Junior Red Cross.

All the Junior magazines owe a big debt to the

League of Red Cross Societies in Paris. There articles, stories, accounts of activities, and many items in correspondence albums are translated, and passed on to the editors of the magazines in a publication called "Material for Editors." The story of "What the Animals Knew" came to us that way. It was written when its author was a member of the League staff. Mr. Louis Picalausa, Director of the Junior Red Cross of Belgium, made linoleum cuts to illustrate that story when he used it in his magazine. From the League, too, came Ryoitchi Sato's story of his part in the Junior international broadcast of last October.

When an album reaches an American school, a card of acknowledgment goes at once to the society which has sent it. Junior members in certain high schools have been asked to suggest a new design for this card. On the back cover is the design made by a high-school boy in Newark, New Jersey.

Jacob Landau, who illustrated "The Stone Dog," was graduated last June from the Overbrook High School, Philadelphia. His father was born in Poland and his mother in Russia.

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

WHEN a band of French Canadians, after long wanderings, settled in the Delta of the Mississippi, they named their new country Acadia after the land they had left. Today they still speak French, and they specialize in highly flavored foods. No wonder, for under the ground they have "The Salt Cellar," (vast salt mines), above the ground, "The Sugar Bowl," (the region of the sugar plantations), and in St. Martin's Parish, "The Pepper Pot," where a chili is grown, so hot that my hair stands on end at the mere thought of it.

In Acadia, prawn fishing is a pastime, and a dish of prawns is a delicacy, if you can hide the pepper pot from the cook. Fish of all kinds abound in the quiet creeks, or bayous, that flow, full and strong, through the meadow lands.

Have you read Evangeline, that love story that began in Nova Scotia and ended at the mouth of the Mississippi River? On the bank of a bayou in St. Martin's Parish is a live oak tree hung with moss, where Evangeline is said to have sat. A little girl pointed out the Evangeline Oak to me with the words, "It's a bum tree. If it were not for that story I bet they would have cut it down long ago."

That is probably true. But because the tree is a reminder of a great and lasting love, the Acadians cherish it as they would the monument of some stirring event.—A. M. U.



# Before the Microphone

RYOITCHI SATO



*Prince Tokugawa, a leader in the world's Red Cross, and Ryoitchi Sato*

**I**T IS OCTOBER thirty-first of the tenth year of Showa (1935). I woke up at two o'clock in the morning.

"It is today that I have to give out to the world, in the name of my three million brothers, the friendly message of young Japan!"

This thought was the first and only one which filled my heart. My emotion had already reached its height.

I burnt some incense before the altar of the gods and then took a light meal. Already the car which came to fetch me was at the door. The director of the school, Mr. Miyagawa, the superintendent, Mr. Hagutchi, my grandmother, my father, and my mother accompanied me to the radio station.

We drove through the sleeping streets of Tokyo, all so excited that we could not speak. Our faces were pale.

Towards three o'clock we arrived at the radio station. The Red Cross officials and some journalists were already there. In the waiting room I tried to recover my composure. I tried to answer the questions which I was asked.

In the midst of this the President of the Japanese Red Cross, Prince Tokugawa, arrived, in kimono and hakama (official Japanese garments). He came alone, very simply, unaccompanied by any suite.

It was the first time that I had seen His Excellency so near, and I noticed that as well as the benevolence of his face and the simplicity of his manners, he had something very noble about him which inspired respect and at the same time affection.

When I thought that such a personality would

deign to be my interpreter I felt hot all over.

"I thank your Excellency for the kindness you are showing me today," said I, rising.

Prince Tokugawa, smiling with kindness, replied: "It is you Ryoitchi Sato? You seem to be a nice boy. How old are you?"

"I am twelve."

"What school?"

"Aijitsu Primary School."

"You are in the sixth year?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Show yourself worthy of your task, my little friend."

"Oh! Yes, Mr. President."

And now it is ten minutes to four.

We all went into the broadcasting room. I stood before the microphone with the Prince. I felt calm, I seemed to see the loved faces of my brothers in America and France across the little instrument. With all my voice, which no longer trembled, I began: "My dear Junior Red Cross friends. . ."

At that moment I felt myself grow, my voice, this feeble little boy's voice had gone forth, borne by the electric waves as far as the antipodes! This thought gave me fresh courage and I continued, carried away by a joyful whirlwind. ". . . Let us work, hand in hand, courageously, for the happiness of the world, and humanity. . ."

At the instant when I stopped speaking I felt strongly that my heart was united forever to the Juniors of the whole world to whom I had spoken, and I swore to serve all my life the sacred aims that we are working for.

*—Communicated by the League of Red Cross Societies, Paris.*



Directly above is an office of the I through which international exchange inspection. An album is on its way. "Boys' Festival" day drawn by an prefecture for a permanent exhibit a photograph of a puppet show from The pen-and-ink sketch at the lower in an album from an elementary school correspondence from abroad reaches its right, a cowboy whose lariat is a pig are real fur, comes from Utah. Right

Upper right, news sellers painted





of the League of Red Cross Societies,  
exchanges pass for translation and  
its way. Above, left, a decoration for  
by an eighth grade boy of Kyoto  
exhibit at the League. Center left is  
now from a school in Czechoslovakia.  
the lower left, a view of Naples, came  
atary school in Florence. Below, cor-  
aches its destination in Latvia. Lower  
is a piece of string, and whose chaps  
h. Right, a paper cut-out from Poland.  
painted in an album from Vienna.







CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA, GRAMMAR SCHOOL

## Junior Poetry Exchange

*Poems in English are suitable only for albums going to English-speaking countries*

### THE WARRAGAL

Olive Moon, Victoria, Australia

THE Warragal's \* lair is pent in bare  
Black rocks at the gorge's mouth;  
It is set in ways where summer strays  
With the sprites of flame and drouth;  
But, when the heights are touched with the lights  
Of hoar frost, sleet, and shine,  
His bed is made of the dead grass blade  
And the leaves of the windy pine.

Through forest boles the storm-wind rolls,  
Vext of the sea-driven rain;  
And, up in a cleft, through many a rift,  
The voices of torrents complain.  
The sad march-fowl and the lonely owl  
Are heard in the fog-wreaths gray,  
When the warragal wakes, and listens, and takes  
To the woods that shelter the prey.

In the gully deeps the blind creek sleeps,  
And the silver, showery moon  
Glides over the hills, and floats and fills,  
And dreams in the dark lagoon;  
While halting hard by the station yard,  
Aghast at the hut flame nigh,  
The warragal yells, and flats and fells  
Are loud with his dismal cry.

On the topmost peak of the mountains bleak,  
The south wind sobs and strays  
Through moaning pine and turpentine,  
And the rippling runnel ways;  
And the strong streams flow, and dark mists go,  
Where the warragal starts to hear  
The watch-dog's bark break sharp in the dark,  
And flees like a phantom of fear!

\* Note: The Australian native name for the dingo, or wild dog, which preys on sheep.

### RAIN

Patty Potter, Tulsa, Oklahoma

### STILLNESS—

Suddenly a wind!  
How cool, how cool,  
Oh! What a godsend.  
And then the rain comes rushing down.  
In brook, on forest, field, and town.

Lightning—  
Thunder roars!  
A storm comes over the great outdoors.

Then—  
The singing of the wren!  
The storm is past, the sun peeps through,  
A rainbow shows, then fades in the upper blue;  
The air is sweet, the foliage green,  
Signs of the storm are no longer seen.

### TOO OLD TO PLAY

Norma Zlotnick, Springfield, Massachusetts

AN old shoe sat  
By an old doormat.  
With an ugly face  
He watched the pace  
Of everyone passing by.  
His sides were worn,  
And his tongue was torn;  
But he was contented  
Even though dented.  
This day, as he sat  
By the old doormat,  
Along came a pup,  
Little ears straight up;  
Said he, "Come and play!  
Don't sit all day."  
But the shoe still sat  
By the old doormat.



## Don't Cry

A. A. FEDOROW-DAWIDOW

Illustration by Iris Beatty Johnson

**S**UMMER noon and the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky. It was warm, and there was no breeze. A train puffed into the station, slowly, as if the engine were lazy and too tired to pull the cars over the hot rails. The engineer blew the whistle and the train stopped. Immediately a crowd of fair-haired children ran to the car windows. Each had a plate or a jug full of berries which he offered to the travelers.

"Buy some berries—Sweet ripe strawberries—"

"Luscious juicy raspberries—"

"How much?" called the travelers, and bought a great deal.

When their plates and jugs were emptied, the red-cheeked children laughed with joy as they counted their earnings, and chatted happily on their way home.

Only one boy, Anton, about ten years old, sat down thoughtfully to count his money with care. He had had unusually good luck today. He had sold all three of his plates of berries and he now possessed the great sum of thirty marks! He tied his money in his handkerchief, put on his cap, and started to walk home.

On the way he noticed a little girl sitting on a log. Her face was buried in her hands but Anton could tell that she was crying. He stopped and

looked at her, wondering what to do. Then he went near, touched her on the shoulder and asked, "What are you crying for?"

The girl pushed his hand away. "Leave me alone," she said, and went on crying.

"Don't be silly—tell me why you are crying," asked the boy. "Has anyone hurt you?"

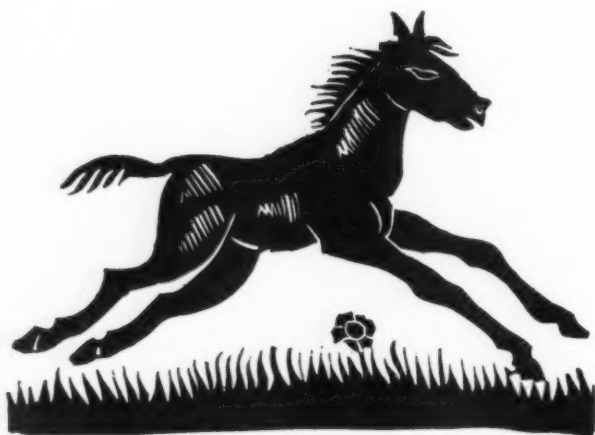
The girl showed him pieces of a broken plate in her lap. "I've broken my plate. Look! See all the berries I spilled. I stumbled as I was running to the station, and my beautiful plate broke. My aunt will whip me, and I'm afraid to go home!"

She started to cry again, and Anton picked up the broken pieces, and scratched his head in puzzlement. Then he made up his mind. He pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, untied the knot, and counted his fortune again. First he counted out ten marks, and then he counted out ten more.

"But the plate costs money, too," he thought, and counted out the last remaining ten.

"Look here," he said, "don't cry any more. It doesn't matter," and he dropped his money into her lap, turned on his heel and ran home as fast as he could along the dusty road.

—From *Estonian Junior Red Cross Magazine*.



# What the Animals Knew

ANDRÉE D'ESTREES

Woodcut by Louis C. Picalause

"AH, it's a hard old world, it is!" sighed Johnny's grandpa, as he sat down stiffly by the big fireplace, "what with my rheumatiz and no teeth left and deafness getting worse every day, and all."

"I don't see why you should feel so sorry for yourself," said Johnny's father. "What would you say if you had indigestion all the time as I have?"

"You must admit," sniffed grandpa, "that you began it yourself because you always gobbled down your meals and filled up on green apples as a boy."

"Well, if you hadn't drunk so much whiskey in your youth—and in your middle age, too, for that matter—you might not have the rheumatism."

"What! Quarreling again about your ailments? You are both lucky never to have had housemaid's knee. And now my toothache is beginning again. Oh, me, oh, my, there is not much happiness in the world for us poor human beings," said Johnny's mother.

"That's what I say," sighed grandpa, "hard old world it is, hard old world."

.....

Johnny had been sitting in a corner making a whistle with the knife his father had given him on his seventh birthday. He

[242]

crept out of the kitchen feeling rather sad. Why did people have to be sick? Why had nobody ever told grandpapa about whiskey and father about green apples and mother about having her teeth mended? The world seemed very badly run, on the whole . . .

He strolled across the farmyard to the pasture with Caesar, the shaggy sheep dog, following. Johnny sat down on the grass and began thinking. Presently he heaved a deep sigh and muttered: "I want to go on being happy and healthy even when I am grown up. Someone must be able to tell me how. What do you think about it, Caesar?"

He heard a tiny, tiny voice speaking close to his ear: "That's right, Johnny," it chirped. "It might be a good idea to ask the animals."

Johnny could see only a few tomtits playing hide-and-seek in a hawthorn hedge covered with snowy blossoms.

He whispered, "Are you, perhaps, a fairy?"

"Yes," replied the mysterious voice, "I am. I varnish the buttercups and keep them full of honeydew for the bees. But never mind about that. Did you notice where you were sitting when you made your wish?"

"Why, yes," replied Johnny, looking at



a big circle of tiny white mushrooms at his feet. "I am sitting in the middle of a fairy ring. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes. And what day of the week is it?"

"Saturday."

"Well, anyone who sits in a fairy ring on the first Saturday after May's full moon is allowed to talk to fairies and is granted one wish. You want to ask the animals what they know about health and happiness, do you? Very well, but to understand animal talk you must be turned into one for a while. A fly would do very nicely. Flies aren't much liked, but they do manage to slip in everywhere. Are you willing?"

"Yes," said Johnny, bravely. He did not want to appear afraid before a fairy. He felt terribly excited.

"Well, repeat after me," and the fairy chanted:

"Six hairy paws, a hundred eyes,  
A pair of wings and away he flies.  
Abracadabra, buzz, buzz, buzz."

Johnny repeated the words carefully. . . .

Suddenly Johnny found himself soaring above the earth. There was a rumbling noise like the sound of an airplane. He soon entered a dark place and alighted on a huge brown plain, feeling slightly giddy. The rumbling instantly stopped. He then realized that it was the sound of his own wings and that he must have turned into a fly. He was in a stable perched on the back of a cow. A calf was at her side drinking his morning milk. His soft brown eyes and his wagging tail expressed such joy that Johnny thought it might be well to ask him right away about health and happiness.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz," went Johnny the fly. "Do you know where to find health and happiness, Master Calf?"

The calf stopped his drinking just long

enough to reply, "In drinking as much milk as I can swallow."

"That can't be any use to me," thought Johnny. As he wondered where he would go next, swish, swosh, went a big broom across the brown plain, missing him by a hair's breadth. It was the cow's tail brushing flies off her sides.

Johnny flew over to the hut where the rabbits lived. Six white bunnies sat in a row nibbling a heap of cabbage leaves and carrots.

"Can you tell me how to find health and happiness?" buzzed Johnny.

"Eat plenty of fresh vegetables," replied the bunnies all together, like a well-trained chorus.

"What nonsense," thought Johnny. Close by he came upon a rooster and some hens scraping in the sand.

"Would you mind telling me how you get health and happiness," he asked.

Said an old hen, taking a glorious sand-bath, "Our motto is, 'Early to rise and early to bed, makes chicks healthy and their crests red.'"

"Yes, that's right—early to rise!" added the rooster, crowing loudly.

"There's a reason for it, too," said a smart-looking chick. "If you are up and out early in the day you get the morning sunshine which is the best for you. And, of course, as every one needs a proper night's sleep, 'early to bed' fits in quite naturally."

"It sounds reasonable but not exciting," thought Johnny. He said "thank you" politely, and wandered off.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz," he crossed the yard and entered the pig pen.

"Please, Mr. Pig, do you know where I could find health and happiness?"

"No, but I know that *I* find happiness in

a good hearty meal served at regular intervals," grunted the pig, as he turned to a trough of potato mash.

Johnny flew over the hawthorn bush and out into the fields where some sheep were grazing. He put his question to them.

"We are perfectly happy to lie down and chew and chew while we think pleasant thoughts," said the sheep.

"That's a stupid sort of life!" thought Johnny.

Further on Johnny met a colt galloping round and round.

"You look cheery," said Johnny. "Do you happen to know the secret of health and happiness?"

"Of course I do," laughed the colt. "It's simple as anything; plenty of exercise, rolling in the grass and playing in the sunshine." And off he went on his stiff long legs with a wave of his funny flat tail.

"Where's old Caesar?" thought Johnny. "I don't see how he can be happy. He works hard all day long minding the sheep; he gets scolded when he does the slightest thing wrong; he is fed on scraps, and sleeps out in the cold in all kinds of weather."

But when he put his question, Caesar replied good-humoredly, "I am the luckiest beast around here. . . . That is—as long as flies don't come to tickle me on the nose while I am asleep. First of all, I have four people to care for. Just think: who watches over them faithfully when they are all asleep? Who keeps their sheep safe from wolves, their hens safe from foxes, and their house safe from thieves? There's nothing like being useful to somebody to keep one in good spirits."

A red and white spotty cat came lazily along. She stretched her paws one after another and warmed her back in the sun. Her third mouse had made her feel very

pleasant. "What nonsense that dog does talk," she remarked. "How any one can possibly be happy when he looks so sloppy, I cannot imagine. To be happy one must be neat and dainty. You should never allow a speck of dust or mud to soil your coat. Keep your nails well sharpened, and remember: *always* wash behind the ears." So saying, she began to wash her ears with her curled paw. She looked much pleased with herself.

Poor Caesar shook his head. His ears were floppy and untidy-looking. His coat was tousled and often matted. He scratched himself and went back to his kennel.

The minute his back was turned the cat snatched a mutton bone from his bowl and darted away.

Johnny made a promise to bring poor Caesar an extra bone tomorrow and flew to the pond. He alighted on one of the shiny round leaves of a water lily. Presently a duck came waddling up to the edge of the pond and began to drink noisily. "Ah, Mrs. Duck," said Johnny. "I wonder if you could tell me where to find happiness?"

But the duck only replied: "Quack, quack, quack, isn't this water nice to drink?"

"If I may say so," remarked a frog who was sitting on the bank, "I think that you are altogether wrong. Water is made chiefly to swim in and not to drink. What can be nicer than a daily plunge in fresh water? What makes one feel better than to stretch all the muscles, like this: one, two! one, two? Watch me, now!" And the frog jumped into the pond and swam fast towards Johnny. "Look out!" called a peacock blue dragon fly as it went shooting past. Johnny flew off the lily leaf just in time to miss being gobbled up by the frog. He had completely forgotten that frogs like to eat flies.

"Enough of this for me!" panted Johnny at last. "This life is too dangerous. I shall be running into a swallow or falling into a pail of milk next, and that will be the end of me. I am going right back to ask that fairy to turn me into my old self. These foolish animals can't give me any sensible answers, anyhow, so I suppose I shall have to give up."

.....

Presently, after some more mysterious talk with the fairy, Johnny found himself a boy again sitting in the fairy ring.

"Thank you, kind fairy," he said politely, "but I am afraid it has not been much use."


"Are you sure?" replied the fairy's tiny voice. "Why not write down all the things the animals told you? Do try that."

Johnny shook his head. "They only talked nonsense," he said.


"Never mind . . . try it, try it! . . . try it!" The fairy's voice grew fainter and fainter and more and more like the chirp of a bird. . . . And when Johnny stepped out of the fairy ring he noticed that one of the tomtits in the hawthorn bush followed him all the way home chirping "try it, try it, try it!"


So he took the lid of a cardboard box and wrote on it in his best writing all the ways for getting health and happiness about which the animals had told him that day. And when he came to study it, it didn't look so nonsensical after all. After each bit of advice he drew an animal's picture because he liked drawing.


Drink as much milk as you can 


Eat plenty of fresh vegetables 

Early to bed and early to rise 


Eat nourishing meals at regular hours 


Chew your food well 


Think pleasant thoughts  
Take plenty of exercise in the sunshine 

Do some useful work every day 

Be reliable and help others }

Keep yourself clean 

Drink plenty of water 

Learn to swim. 





# Summer Travel to Kyūshū

TATSUO HASHIMOTO



At the beginning of this August, from Kobe harbor, near my home, I started for Shikoku and Kyūshū. This was my first time to travel alone.



I left the ship at Nagahama, Shikoku, and I took my course to Uwajima by motor car. When I reached Uwajima, it was the season of Bon-Odori (farmer's dances). So I could see the Ushioni odori, as illustrated.

The next day, I went to Yoshida near Uwajima for fishing.

And I caught—THUS!!!



The M. S. *Sumire* sailed out of the harbor. I cried in my heart "Good-bye" to Kobe, from which I would be absent about two weeks.

During that night, the sea was very calm. So I slept very well. This was the first night of this journey.

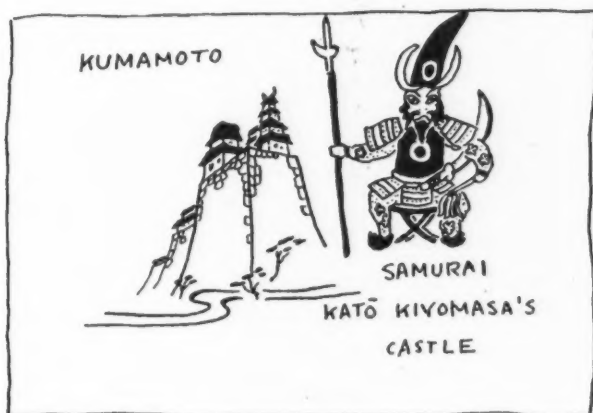
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I crossed the channel Hōyo from Uwajima to Beppu.

And from Beppu I visited Miyasaki, Aoshima, Kirishima shrine, and Kirishima hot springs.

Then from Iwō-dani to Kagoshima. The moonlight scene of Kagoshima Bay was a beautiful sight!



Kumamoto, noted for its castle and Sui-  
jen's beautiful garden.



Oh! Great Aso! Beautiful and magnificent view! I can not talk about this scene with my poor English.

And my object was attained!



# All Juniors

FROM time to time the Junior Red Cross societies of other countries send requests for material for permanent exhibits which have been made by Juniors in American schools. In Tokyo, the work of American Juniors appears side by side with that which Juniors from a great many other countries sent to the big international Red Cross conference in Japan in October, 1934. In return, schools all over the United States have beautiful and interesting materials which were sent back by the Japanese Juniors. Beautiful dolls were sent from the United States for the international doll show at the Paris office of the French Red Cross a year ago. Last December other dolls were sent for the exhibit of the Hungarian J.R.C. in Budapest. Handwork, a book in braille, a high school album, bibs, aprons, and soft toys suitable for children in hospitals, and other material went from America to the Swedish Junior Red Cross exhibit in Stockholm last May. Now Juniors in America, as well as in other countries are getting material ready to send to the permanent international Junior Red Cross exhibit at the League of Red Cross Societies, Paris.

THE schools in Lafayette Parish, Louisiana, are all enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. During the last Roll Call their project was cooperation with the Chapter. Posters were made and essays were prepared. The children afterwards read some of the essays over the radio, and some of the posters were exhibited at Roll Call headquarters.

The schools distributed home safety and accident prevention blanks. First-aid kits were awarded by the Chapter to the schools returning the highest percentage of the inspection blanks. The Board of Education became interested in the



*Ivy sent from Mount Vernon to the Osaka Hospital in Tokyo*

waterfall. This is symbolical of the fact that a boy should be strong in overcoming the difficulties of life.

The teacher of the grade that received the fish said that the fish-flags would be floated at the Waco School on Boys' Day, May fifth, as it is done in Japan.

The Wichita pupils have been making up albums through the school year and sending them to foreign lands.

A YEAR ago, the Osaka Hospital in Tokyo started an "International Garden." The American J.R.C. contributed to this garden by sending ivy plants taken from Mount Vernon. Twenty-five other countries also sent native flowers or trees.

The president of the hospital wrote:

You can imagine how greatly our convalescent patients are enjoying these unfamiliar flowers and trees in the garden, which naturally tempt them to come out of doors

project, and contributed sufficient funds to give every school in the county a first-aid kit, fully equipped.

Lafayette Parish is in the midst of the "cajun" district of Louisiana, where the descendants of the Acadians still live.

TWO paper fish, eight inches long and beautifully colored, were received by sixth grade pupils of Waco School in Wichita, Kansas, from Japan. The fish are cylindrical in form, with open mouths, so arranged that they can be tethered to flag poles like dirigible balloons and floated like flags.

Paper carp like these are floated over the houses of Japanese people on May fifth to indicate the number of sons in the family. Each fish represents a son. The carp flies with his tail slightly lower than his head to indicate that he is jumping up over a



and roam about the garden. Each plant is marked with the sender's national flag. It is really a pleasing sight to see the patients in the garden relishing the natural beauty of the flowers, and the fresh air, at the same time getting the benefit of the sunshine. This, indeed, is due to your thoughtfulness, which I now wish to reciprocate by sending you a package containing seeds of various kinds of our native flowers.

A great number of seeds of different Japanese plants have been sent in return to this and other countries as a token of appreciation.

**FOUR** cots are maintained in the Queen's Hospital for Children, in London, by Juniors who collect and sell stamps.

Over seven tons of stamps were received this year. The majority of these were ordinary English stamps, although a great many were issued specially in connection with the Silver Jubilee. The greater part of the sum was raised by the sale for export of English stamps. There were many foreign stamps as well. The Juniors have been encouraged to send in discarded collections and old stamp albums particularly, since they often contain specimens that may obtain good prices if there is an expert to sell them.

**M**EMBERS of the Junior Red Cross of the École Communale de Garçons du Cambry at Wasmes, Belgium, wrote to a school in Rusagons, New Brunswick, Canada. They described the life of the mining town, where they live, and told of its hardships. Unemployment has made life much harder for the miners recently. One article described how they spend their spare time. A wooden doll made by the Juniors with the help of their parents went with the letter.

This was Zeke, a miner doll. He has a very brown face, wears blue overalls, and carries a Davy lamp, a steel axe, and spade. He carries his pick against his shoulder, and over his back are slung a beverage can and a gingham bag for sandwiches. In a later consignment the Belgian Juniors sent Lätte, Zeke's wife. She is pushing a miner's truck.

**T**HE Alameda School of Portland, Oregon, made an album about lumber to go to the Graymont School in Birmingham, Alabama. The Graymont School had previously sent them an album on cotton, made to look like a bale of cotton.



*Zeke and Lätte*

The lumber album contained pictures of trees native to Oregon, and of lumber camps, chips of different kinds of wood, leaves, bark, and pieces of paper made from Oregon wood. There were also original poems about trees, and descriptions of the different uses for wood in pioneer days and today. The covers of the album were slabs of wood.

Some pictures of the pupils and of their activities were included.

**T**HE Nordhoff Union Grammar School of Ojai, California, celebrated Armistice Day in a way that would be appropriate for World Good Will Day as well. The Juniors visited the Santa Ana School and put on a World Friendship program. The cars in which they arrived were decorated with banners. The program included songs and talks on World Friendship.

The whole entertainment was arranged and carried out by the Juniors themselves.

**T**HE Philippine J.R.C. has more than one million members. Twelve new dental clinics were established this year in provinces where conditions required. In Manila, ten clinics are giving daily service to city school children. Cebu and Iloilo have seven clinics each. Many times health talks and toothbrush drills have been given during assembly or morning exercise periods.

Filipino Juniors tax themselves for a membership fee up to fifteen cents, and this money is used to support the 111 dental clinics in the Islands. This year their contribution came to \$125,000.



*Juniors of the St. Louis public schools took part in a safety campaign last spring, to lessen the number of automobile accidents. The boys of the Irving School helped direct the school children through traffic, and wore these distinctive caps made by the girl Juniors*

Philippine schools received a hundred and fifty-nine albums last year, and sent out one hundred and thirty-nine.

**P**UPILS in the McKean, Pennsylvania, grade school publish a paper of their own. The town of McKean is too small to have a newspaper, so the children decided to have one in the school. It has a staff of editors, treasurer, reporters, and business manager. It comes out every six weeks.

Each issue includes original poems and stories appropriate for the season, reports of current events, and local news. The February issue made a note of the fact that an exhibit of Upjohn pictures was held at the school, and that a candy sale was held at the same time.

The first issues were sold for two cents, the later ones for three. About eight dollars were cleared.

The high school has no paper of its own, but contributes items to this one.

**W**HEN an exhibit of Upjohn paintings went to Nashville, Tennessee, it was sent to all the schools in turn, and each class, down to the primary grades, was able to enjoy it and discuss the pic-

tures. The *Nashville Tennessean* considered having the exhibit in the schools so important that it devoted a whole page in the magazine section of the Sunday edition to the subject.

**T**HE J.R.C. in Albuquerque, New Mexico, has a radio broadcast over a local station every Wednesday morning from ten-thirty to eleven-thirty. Different schools take turns in putting on a program of music or speaking.

The middle part of the program is in the hands of a Junior announcer from the school putting on the program. The entire school doing the broadcasting always assembles to listen to the program, and as many Juniors as possible listen in from the other schools. It is estimated that thirty-five hundred children

listen in, as well as parents and others who may by chance tune in at that time.

At ten-thirty the station operator announces the program and starts playing request records, giving the name of the child making the request and the school the child attends. At ten forty-five, a lady who has been chosen for this work is presented by the Junior Red Cross announcer and she reads children's stories. About ten minutes to eleven o'clock the children taking part arrive from school and take their proper places, ready to go on the air at eleven o'clock. The



*Juniors of the Brzez Circle in Poland prepared packages of food for needy families*

program consists of orchestra, glee club, or quartet numbers. At 11:15 the operator again takes charge and ends the program with a period of music appreciation, playing several classical recordings. The program is billed as a Junior Red Cross feature. The station considers this one of its most popular programs.

THE students of Achimota College at Accra on the Gold Coast usually spend their Easter vacation in the "bush," and take advantage of the opportunity to do some social service work. Last year, at the request of some people of the town of Annum, they undertook to construct a water reservoir in the village, which up to now had only some water-holes. As these water-holes were never cleaned, the villagers suffered greatly from various intestinal disorders. At first the chief of the village thought it was unnecessary work and that the water-holes of their ancestors were good enough for them, and when the Juniors tried to explain that his people would not suffer so much from illness if they had a clean water supply, the chief answered that he had always thought it was natural to have such illnesses.

Eventually nearly everyone in the village accepted the idea and helped with the work on the reservoir. During their stay the Juniors opened a dispensary and attended to some of the people in the neighborhood, and they also planted some trees in the village market place.

The Juniors greatly praised the hospitality of the people of Annum, who showered them with attentions and gave them presents of all kinds, finally giving them a donation for their Junior Red Cross funds.

THE Junior Red Cross members of Westport, Connecticut, sent one hundred and twenty-five story books in excellent condition to the Junior Red Cross members at Belzoni, Mississippi. The schools were out for the year, and so the books were kept in the Junior office and arranged as a lending



Pupils in Public School No. 14, Brooklyn, New York, made a "House of Hazards" demonstrating how accidents are caused in the home

library for the summer months. In this way many more Juniors had an opportunity to read the books than if they had been given to one individual school as was originally intended.

The Belzoni schools in Humphreys County have recently taken up Junior Red Cross enrollment.

Their first activity was to send Mother's Day greeting cards to the men in the government hospital at Gulfport, Mississippi.

LONDON Juniors were invited to come to the British Red Cross headquarters to provide a class for officers of Voluntary Aid Detachments taking the "How to Teach Course" and studying for instructor's certificate in First Aid and Home Nursing.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

May, 1936

	Page
PAPER CUT-OUT FROM POLAND.....	Cover
THE BOOK SMUGGLER.....	Frontispiece
THE STONE DOG.....	227
<i>Illustrations by Jacob Landau</i>	
TO THE RESCUE.....	230
LIFE IN THE MOJAVE DESERT.....	231
<i>Ed Butler</i>	
<i>Illustrations by the Author</i>	
TULIP TIME IN HOLLAND, MICHIGAN.....	233
STAMP STORIES.....	234
EDITORIALS.....	236
BEFORE THE MICROPHONE.....	237
<i>Ryoitchi Sato</i>	
INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE.....	238
JUNIOR POETRY EXCHANGE.....	240
DON'T CRY.....	241
<i>Illustration by Iris Beatty Johnson</i>	
WHAT THE ANIMALS KNEW.....	242
<i>Andrée D'Estrees</i>	
<i>Woodcut by Louis C. Picalausa</i>	
SUMMER TRAVEL TO KYUSHU.....	246
<i>Tatsuo Hashimoto</i>	
<i>Illustrations by the Author</i>	
ALL JUNIORS.....	248
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.....	252



## International Correspondence

The design above was made by a pupil in a Newark, New Jersey, high school for the acknowledgment card used in international correspondence. A school receiving an album from abroad sends the card as soon as the album comes



